

PS

2799

.58

VERSES



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 2799 Copyright No.

Shelf, 58

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"VERSES"

By Edward
Fletcher
S. L. Loomis.



PRESS OF
BARTLETT & CO.,
NEW YORK.

(1891)

PS 2799
. 58

COPYRIGHTED 1891

BY

EDWARD PERKINS SELDEN.

Van
Eric, Pa.

Contents.

	PAGE
AN EASTER THOUGHT, - - - - -	12
A WORD OF CHEER, - - - - -	14
BY TELEGRAPH, - - - - -	27, 28
FALLING APPLE BLOSSOMS, - - - - -	16
"GYP," - - - - -	31
IN CONFIDENCE, - - - - -	25
LIVING AND LOVING, - - - - -	8
MY HEART AND I, - - - - -	22
MY MOTHER, - - - - -	6
MY SISTER, - - - - -	37
MY SWEETHEART, - - - - -	38
SEVERAL GOOD ONES LEFT, - - - - -	29
SHORT AND SWEET, - - - - -	28
THE BOWLING ALLEY, - - - - -	17
THE CALL, - - - - -	10
THE FISHER'S DAUGHTER, - - - - -	18
THE GOLDEN WEDDING, - - - - -	36
THE PEARLS, - - - - -	15
THE SAME OLD CROWS, - - - - -	33
THE WARNING, - - - - -	20
YOU, - - - - -	21



This little volume of
“Verses”
is lovingly Dedicated to
My Mother.



My Mother.

I N her heart and mind there is

The constant thought of duty,
Renewed, transformed, by Grace.
The sunshine of His beauty
Reflected in her face.

His work, her life-long mission,
His will, her will entire;
His praise, her great ambition,
His love, her heart's desire.

The melodies of heaven,
Re-echoed in her songs
Of praises to Him given,
To whom all praise belongs.

Her own supremest pleasure,
Her one intense delight;
Her longing, without measure,
Her prayer by day and night;

The thought of His returning,
To crown her work begun;
And from His own lips learning,
The welcome words, "Well done."



Living and Loving.

I LOVE to live, for life is well worth living,
So much there is to search for and to find.
But grander far, the blessed work of giving
To those who need our gifts of heart and
mind.

I love to live, for life is full of treasure,
And if our eyes are open to discern,
God's gifts of love to us beyond all measure,
We cannot fail to love Him in return.

I love to live, the years are full of blessing,
And every day brings some new mercy
bright.

I want to live and work, His name confessing,
Who brought me out of darkness into light.

I live to love, for love is life's ideal,
The very crown of life, its aim and goal:
And as the years roll on I find more real,
His love, who is the Lover of my soul.



The Call.

THERE'S another call for Soldiers,
In the army of the King;
Have you volunteered for service?
Are there others you can bring?
There is need of men and money,
In the war against the wrong;
But the right will surely triumph,
Though the conflict may be long.

CHORUS.

Are you doing all your duty?
Are you helping all you can?
Are you wearing all the armor?
Are you fighting like a man?

If we try to win life's battles

In our own strength, we will fall;
But God calls us to His service,

Let us then obey the call.

Let us give Him our allegiance,

And to Him all praise accord,

For "'Tis not by might nor power,
But My Spirit," saith the Lord.

CHORUS.

'Tis "The Lord of Hosts" who leads us,
And His mighty arm will save

All who follow Him to battle,

And are watchful, strong, and brave.

Then "Conquering and to Conquer,"

We will boldly march along;

And "Victory to Victory"

Will be our triumphant song.

CHORUS.

An Easter Thought.

NOT A HISTORY.

WITH broken heart, and bruised and
bleeding feet,

I turned once more toward the Light, and
there

Upon my face I fell—a wreck complete—

I tried to pray, but could not frame a prayer.

I hardly dared to hope He'd help me then,

For I had thrown His easy yoke aside ;

And 'though He'd called again, and yet again,

I would not heed His call—His will defied.

His grace I scorned, and held to ridicule

His precious promises of help and rest ;

And like a brain-befogged and prating fool,

His very words of love I turned to jest.

In dust and ashes, there I lay as dead,

While tears of deep contrition filled my eyes ;
Then Jesus came, and whispering to me, said,
“A broken contrite heart I'll not despise.”

I knew His voice the instant that He spoke,

And as He gently brushed my tears away
And bade me rise and follow, I awoke,
To find the day had come! Glad Easter
Day!



A Word of Cheer.

COME, dry your eyes,
'Tis not a ceaseless rain that's falling,
And the skies
Above the clouds are bright as ever,
And time flies.

To-morrow's sun,
His glorious course from East to West,
Will surely run;
And shed his rays of light and warmth
On every one.

Be of good cheer.
The clouds, though heavy overhead,
Will disappear;
And leave the world—this once bright world—
More bright and clear.

The Pearls.

TWO "Pearls" on the Shore of Time were
found,

More precious far than the brightest gem
That is hidden in the sea or ground,
Or shines in a monarch's diadem.

More precious than all silver and gold
That the Nation's guarded vaults contain,
Or the Sierra Nevada hold,
That brilliant link in the Rocky Chain.

For within each of these precious "Pearls"
A soul reflects the Light of Heaven:
Your two little darling baby girls,
To you for love's protection given.

—Written for Mrs. E. F. BREWSTER, Rochester, N. Y.

Falling Apple Blossoms.

LITTLE wings of promise,
Floating in the air,
Prophesying apples,
That the trees will bear.

Pretty little dew cups,
All in sets of five,
Quaintest little dishes
Nature can contrive.

White as Alabaster,
With a blush of pink,
Flying all around us,
Tempting us to drink.

Silent little sailors,
Shining in the sun;
Downward they are drifting,
All their life-work done.

The Bowling Alley.

AS do the whirling spheres,
Which bowl through boundless space,
Roll down the path of years,
With rhythmic speed and grace:

So down this alley through,
To yonder group of pins;
Not swift alone, but true,—
Must roll the ball that wins.

If down the path of life,
We gaily bowl along,
Combating pain and strife,
With cheerful work and song:

If, just and kind, alike,
And true and right our aim,
We'll make a "ten-pin" strike
And surely win the game.

The Fisher's Daughter.

FAR out upon the pebbled beach,
Almost within the high tide's reach,
The Fisher's Daughter stands :
With dexterous hand, the net she mends,
But many glances sea-ward sends,
And the horizon scans.

Her flowing locks of dark brown hair,
More beautiful, for want of care,
Below her waist descend ;
Or, with the ocean's laughing breeze,
Which tries in sport each curl to seize,
With silent force contend.

A gleam of joy, we may discern,
If closer to her face we turn,
 And watch her sparkling eyes;
For, far beyond our shortened sight,
She sees a sail's reflected light,
 And soon with rapture cries.

See, from the mast, that pennon float,
She knows the signal and the boat,
 Her lover's homeward bound.
And now, the happiest maiden she,
Of all who live beside the sea,
 The whole wide world around.



The Warning.

HER eyes are orbs of purest jet,
In skies of faintest azure set;
So bright! no evening star more bright
Sends greeting sweet to mortal sight.
So black! no tempest cloud more black
Hides sun, or moon, and planet's track.
And deep! ten thousand fathoms deep,
The seas no surer secrets keep
Than underneath those lashes lie
In depths of charming mystery.
But lo! from out those circlet walls
Of midnight, vivid lightning falls,
And for our warning traces there
This one portentous word, "Beware!"

YOU.

SOME how—
Some time—
Some way—
Some where.

I know!

That I
Have met—
A pair—

Of eyes—
So blue—
So bright—
So true—

That I—
Why yes!
Of course—
It's YOU.

My Heart and I.

A STUDY.

MY Heart and I a consultation held
For many anxious days, nor could agree,
Though cruel darts by Cupid's bow impelled
Had wounded us severely, Heart and me.

I loved a certain lady, all too well,
Perhaps--no matter now. Heart loved one
too.

You ask her name? Excuse me, I'll not tell;
Nor Heart's sweetheart, for that would
never do.

And they were not the same, as you will see.
My girl was tall and handsome, with black
eyes,
And oh! so bright and quick at repartee,
And just as good and true as she was wise.

I thought of her a hundred times a day
If I did once, and that goes without saying ;
I thought of her when I kneeled down to pray,
And almost always spoke her name when
praying.

My Heart's true-love was lovely as a rose ;
Not tall, but very pretty and petite ;
Indeed, her face, when it was in repose,
Was just about the sweetest of the sweet.

She had a pleasing voice, too, high soprano,
Well trained by masters of the vocal art ;
And when she sang for us at the piano,
I did not wonder that she charmed my Heart

I could not but admire the winsome creature,
Her pretty manners and bewitching smile;
But for some reason—hope this may not reach
her—

I loved the other better all the while.

How deeply grieved were we, then, to discover
That while we let the precious moments fly,
Each lady found a new friend and a lover,
And so we lost them both, my Heart and I.



Harper's Weekly, December 8, 1883.

In Confidence.

WERE you never in love?
Did you never see,

In the faces of many you chanced to meet
On the railway trains, or the crowded street,
One face which you trusted would some day be
Yours truly, yours forever?

Were you never in love?

Did you never hear,

In the voices of many with whom you spoke:
In the dreams which lingered when you awoke.
One voice which you counted, of all, most
dear,

Yours truly, yours forever?

Were you never in love?

Did you never find,

That day after day, when the day was spent,

An exquisite joy and a sweet content

Pervaded your heart, as it brought to mind

Yours truly, yours forever?

Were you never in love?

Did you never fear,

That after the best had been said and done,

Your friend might refuse, at last, to be won,

And the hopes you cherished would disappear;

Yours *one time*, *not* forever?

Were you ever *in* love?
Ever lose your heart?
Or, pray, can it be that you cannot tell?
Then ponder the questions I've asked you well:
You will know when Cupid has thrown his dart.
Know truly, doubt it *never!*



By Telegraph.

AS he enters the marriage state,
I would my friend congratulate,
And wish him and his lovely wife
A long and happy wedded life.

—To Mr. HENRY A. HESSE, Allegheny City.

By Telegraph.

PERMIT me, from our Northern State,
To heartily congratulate
The two good friends who are made one,
This merry day at Marion.

Sweet may the bells, their cadence chime,
At this most happy wedding time;
And may their harmonies extend
In full crescendo to the end.

—To Mr. and Mrs. C. B. WHILDEN, of South Carolina



Short and Sweet.

CONSIDER this, my lady mine,
A telegraphic Valentine.

Several Good Ones Left.

THE man who has but half an eye
Can see with ease, and not half try,
That if the lady he admires,
And for whose favor he aspires,
Receive with scorn his least advance,
And render hopeless every chance
Of his success—he'd better wait,
For future peace will compensate.

Nine cases out of ten, no doubt,
He will in due time find this out,
That 'tis a rule with our young men
That every one finds, now and then,
Some girl, who, in his inmost soul
He'd like to marry and control:

And should he fail at first to find
The true ideal of his mind,
Why let him not of hope despair,
Nor, wild with grief, uproot his hair,
As if of reason quite bereft,—
For there are “*Several Good Ones left.*”



“Gyp.”

WITHIN the deepest fountain of the heart
May lie, unknown to us for months or
years,

While life has only pleasures to impart—

A copious store of hot and bitter tears;
For sorrow must to every mortal come,—
It is the rule of life, though not the sum.

There is within the heart abundant room,

For love of those dumb creatures whom we
call

Our pets, who in their artlessness assume

Our deepest, best affections to enthrall.
'Tis by their very faith in us, we learn
In some degree their true love to return.

We owned a pet the other day—poor Gyp!

A noble, loving dog—a friend withal—
Alas! he died—we tell with quivering lip—

He died because his collar was too small.
Oh! cruel fate! in innocent content,
To clasp about his neck, Death's instrument.



“Gyp,” a little dog belonging to a friend of mine
in Mississippi, departed this life under peculiar
circumstances.

The Same Old Crows.

ONCE on a time—so we have heard
The story—which is quite absurd—
There were three crows, as black as jet,
Each one a feathered silhouette,
Whose form against the evening sky
Was plainly seen by passers-by,
As they—the crows—sat on a tree,
And c-a-w-d and c-a-w-d—quite merrily.
But as they sat and pondered o'er
The programme of the day before,
And on their present prospects dwelt—
The pangs of hunger keen were felt.
Then over in the West—they saw
The sun decline—and murmured “c-a-w.”

About this time, the story goes,
One of these old historic crows
 Stood up, and in a shaky voice,
 Remarked, “ My friends, what is your
 choice
Of meats, upon our bill-of-fare :
Will you take beef, or mutton rare?”
And at the thought, the old crow’s jaw
Dropped down—the others answered, “ Caw.”

 “ I rather think,” said Number Two,
 “ That there is even now in view,
In yonder field, an ancient beast
Who’ll make a most delicious feast.”
Said Number Three, with visage grim,
 “ I move we take a look at him.”
Then all stood up on one small claw—
And sang in chorus, “ Caw! C-a-w! Caw!”

The horse referred to here, we're told,
'Tho at the close of life—quite old—
 Had dragged the plow, that turned the
 soil,
In which the farmer, bent with toil,
 Had planted corn—designed as seed
From which would grow the horse's feed.

But oh! the irony of fate!—
These self-same crows scratched up and ate
The farmer's corn, so soon each night
As he had gotten out of sight:
And when the horse had died—all through
With his hard life—*they ate him too.*



For the Golden Wedding.

A LITTLE token of my great respect,
Herewith please find;
Perhaps the Colonel may at first object,
But never mind.

They're made of solid gold, all through
and through,
From point to head,
As well the little chain that binds the two,
The goldsmith said.

Two noble lives, with noble deeds full
round;
Are yet not old.
By fifty happy year-links they are bound,
All good as gold.

—For Mrs. Col. DAVID S. CLARK.

My Sister.

WHO is she, whose cheery way,
Turns November into May?
—When she left us for one day
I missed her.

Who is she whom knowing well
I loved dearly—don't you tell—
When upon her neck I fell,
And kissed her?

Who is worth her weight in gold?
Worth the price and many fold
More than rubies, bought and sold?
My Sister.

Who is thoughtful, kind and good?
Loved best when best understood?
Queen of lovely sisterhood—
My Sister.

My Sweetheart.

HA! Ha! I have a sweetheart,
Indeed 'tis surely so,
As kind and true a sweetheart
As you can ever know.

I'm thinking of my sweetheart
Each hour of every day,
While at home, or wandering
A thousand miles away.

My mother is my sweetheart
I'd have you understand,
The truest, dearest sweetheart
There is in all the land.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 863 706 6